

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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LIVE IT DOWN.

Has your life a bitter sorrow—
Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow—
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit, web-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days—
Live it down.
Is disgrace your galling burden—
Live it down.
You can win a brave heart's guerdon—
Live it down.
Make your life so free from blame
That the luster of your name
Shall hide all the olden shame—
Live it down.
Has your heart a secret trouble—
Live it down.
Do not grieve and make it double—
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears,
Do not feed it with your fears,
Do not nurse it through long years—
Live it down.
Have you made some sinful error—
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror—
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes,
Go ahead, as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies—
Live it down.

A MISER'S NEW YEAR.

"Miser Jones"—that was what everybody called him, and the title did not displease him. Indeed it rather flattered him. To be a miser meant the possession of money, and money was his god. There were people who could remember him as a young man and a spendthrift, but they were very few. To look at him one would wonder if he had ever been young. He appeared to be 69 years old when people first began to call him Miser Jones, and the passage of time did not appear to affect him. He was wrinkled and skinny and white haired, and men said he would have been dim of sight but for greed of gain which burned in his eyes till they shone like a wolf's.

Miser Jones had relatives, but for fear they might want money he cut loose from them. He owned several houses, but that he might not take from the rent he lived in a miserable room and fared little better than a dog. He had money to lend, and he exacted usury. There were no days of grace for one in his debt. Prompt payment must be made, and to the last penny, and neither words nor tears would move him. No charity, no church, no beggar, ever extracted one cent from Miser Jones. He cared nothing for the trials and misfortunes of others, and he was never affected by what men said of him except when some one observed that he could not take his money beyond the grave. That idea alone upset him and detracted from his happiness. He spent hours in wondering if it could not be done, and sometimes he was on the point of asking a lawyer to so arrange matters that his money should at least be buried with him.

The New Year dawned bleak and cold and dreary. There was a high wind, and the air was full of whirling snow, and even had it not been a holiday few people would have moved away from their fire-sides unless forced to.

"It is a good day for me—a fine day!" chuckled Miser Jones as he looked out on the deserted streets and up at the leaden sky. "No one will disturb me to-day, and I may sit down and count my wealth. I am richer than a year ago to-day, much richer, but I want know the figures to a shilling—to a penny. They call me Miser Jones, but I can laugh at their sarcasm and abuse. Now we will figure."

Miser Jones had bonds and mortgages and notes and a bank account. He knew the sum total within a dollar, but it was a keen delight for him to sit down and cast up interest again and add it to the principal. With greedy look and trembling fingers he brought out his memoranda and pencil and soon forgot the storm and the outside world.

"So you are figuring again, Miser Jones, closing the account of the old year and opening with the new?"

The old man leaped from his chair with a shout of surprise. No one had knocked at the door. He was alone in the room. The voice had come from one seated on the opposite side of the table, but he looked and rubbed his eyes and saw only vacancy.

"Sit down, Miser Jones. Sit

down while we talk together a bit," continued the voice as the windows rattled in the storm and a skurry of snow blew into the room under the door and reached almost to the old man's feet.

He looked all about him in a dazed and wondering way and sat down.

"The old year has ended, the new begun, Miser Jones. Human life is counted by days and weeks and months and years. On the tombstones of the dead you may read that they who sleep beneath lived so many years, months and days. It is meant that each and every man should sit down at the beginning of a new year and write the record of the old. You are an old man. You have lived beyond the time allotted to man. Your hand shakes as your fingers guide the pencil. You have been making figures. Let me take the pencil and help you."

"But I want no help!" protested the old man. "You have no right here! You were not asked to come! Leave me, or I will call for help!"

"You are figuring on dollars and cents," said the voice. "There is a long column of figures, and I will look them over with you and help to find the sum total. You have first recorded the sum of \$300. That is money you loaned to a hard-working mechanic and took a mortgage on his home. Misfortune had come to him and still pursues him. You hoped that more trouble would come to him, and it has. You figured from the first that you would get possession of his home for half its value, and yesterday, when he came to you with trembling lips and pleaded misfortune, your heart was like a stone. To-day you are figuring your profit."

"But he came to me to borrow and was willing to pay the interest!" protested Miser Jones.

"Here is the sum of \$750," continued the voice. "You lent a widow \$300 on a mortgage and foreclosed it and drove her out of her home. You figure that you made \$450 on that deal. She came to you and wept and prayed, but you rubbed your wrinkled hands in satisfaction."

"One must have a profit when he lends money," replied Miser Jones as he looked at the figures with satisfaction.

"Here is the sum of \$600. You loaned money to the owner of a small factory to help start him again after he had been crippled by fire, but what the flames left you soon took possession of. Yes, you made a clean \$600 on that transaction. I find the sum of \$200 and \$275 and \$300, a long column of figures here to show the profits of the year just ended and add to your fortune, Miser Jones, you are a rich man."

"Yes, yes—a rich man! I like to hear you say I am rich!"

"But you are an old man. You cannot hope to live a great while longer."

"But I shall live for years and years. I am not so old as you think. Don't talk to me of death."

"You are an old man, and your time has almost come," continued the voice.

"You have laid up treasure on earth. Let us see what is to your credit in heaven. There is no money beyond the grave. The souls of the dead are judged by past deeds and not by the amount of gold and silver left behind. Take the pencil, Miser Jones. It shall be left to you to make the record. Have you had sympathy for the ragged and shivering and hungry fellow men who passed your door?"

"But all of them were impostors!"

"Men and women have appealed to you in sickness and misfortune as one fellow man has a right to appeal to another. How have you responded to these appeals?"

"I can't always be giving and giving!"

"Without religion, earth would be a desert and man a savage. All that is good and noble and beautiful comes from our faith in God. What have you done to aid the cause?"

"It costs a great lot of money to keep up so many churches!" sighed the old man.

"There are destitute widows, fatherless children and grieving orphans, whom it is our duty to assist. Even a kind word to such is

placed to your record in heaven. Write down your credit, Miser Jones."

The old man had nothing to write, no word of reply.

"All around your hearts have ached. Tears of sorrow have been shed. Men have cursed their God because of the coldness of the world. Have you brought a ray of sunlight to a single one of these?"

Miser Jones had no answer.

"What has your life been made up of? Avarice, selfishness, greed. You have sinned against God and man and yourself. In your greed of gain you have throttled every noble sentiment God placed in your heart as a child. You have sacrificed every principle that makes a man respected and beloved. You have made money, but you have been pointed out of a thing instead of a man. As a human being you have lived to be hated and reviled. After death—what?"

"After death—what?" whispered Miser Jones.

"The recording angel of heaven sets apart a page in her golden book for each human being born into the world. See! I have brought the book that you might gaze upon it. Here is your page—the page on which your name was inscribed as a child. What do you see?"

The old man looked and peered and rubbed his eyes. Blindness seemed to have come to him, and in his terror he groaned aloud.

"Here is the debt—avarice, selfishness, greed, riches. Here should be your credits, but there are none. Look for them. Bend your head to bring your eyes nearer. To-day brings a new year. To-day you pass from earth to eternity to stand before your God and be judged. This is the record from which he will judge you! I close the book!"

The gale howled about the old house and rattled doors and windows, but Miser Jones paid no heed. Men passed and repassed, some laughing, some cursing, but he did not look out upon them.

Noon came, and he sat there with pencil in his fingers and paper before him. The winter day drew to a close, and night came down, but no light shone from his window. At midnight he sat where noon found him, at daylight where the winds of midnight had blown the snow under the door and over his feet. When noon came again, some one opened his door and cried out that Miser Jones was dead!

Washington Institution

From the Walla Walla Gazette

I made a visit Saturday to the state institution located here—the school for defective youth. The buildings—two elegant three story brick edifices—are situated about a mile east of Vancouver, and just east of the Military Reservation. The school is in charge of Prof. James Watson, as director or superintendent, and Mrs. Watson, as matron and teacher.

Prof. Watson is an experienced teacher of deaf-mutes, to which work he has devoted his life. He has had charge of the institution for the past ten years or every year since it established except the first.

He has the reputation here among the citizens of Vancouver, of being "the right man in the right place," which I readily accept as his best indorsement.

As it was Saturday, the usual exercises were not in progress; but after speaking to Mr. Joseph H. Mille's little boy, (who appeared to be cheerful and contented) I was invited to take a look through the building. I was informed that there are 143 inmates in the two institutions or buildings,—87 deaf, dumb or blind children, and 56 of the feeble minded. I was shown through all the departments, consisting of a chapel, a gymnasium, school rooms, dormitories, dining room and kitchen. I found order, neatness and cleanliness prevailing everywhere.

Mrs. Watson told me that the girls are taught and required to do all kinds of domestic work, and that the boys are given as much industrial training as is possible under the circumstances.

As a proof of the excellence of the sanitary regulations, I was told

that there had not been a single death among the inmates during the entire ten years in which Prof. Watson has had charge, and as a proof of his success as a disciplinarian, I learned that but one pupil had been suspended as incorrigible in all that time. These are remarkable facts when we consider the large number of pupils in attendance and the great variety of their dispositions. I was invited to return and visit the school while in session, which I purpose to do soon, for I had not visited such an institution since the summer of 1863, when, as a new recruit in the volunteer service of the Union army, in camp near Columbus, Ohio, I was given permission to visit the State institutions in Ohio's capital.

As I took my departure I could but consider how humane the work of enlightening the darkened minds of these unfortunate children. Deprived as they are of some one or more of the natural avenues of communication and knowledge of the outside world, their lives would be dreary indeed if it were not possible to devise some means for their instruction. But these charitable institutions are accomplishments of only the higher civilization. In barbarous nations such institutions of philanthropy are not found. They belong to a Christian civilization and should be liberally supported.

J. W. BROCK.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

HOW HE FIRST WAS A POPULAR CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY, AND THEN FOR A LAMP-POST.

Chicago Record.

It was clever of the middle-aged man with the basket of peaches, and but for the one belated fact which revealed itself at the very close of the session we would all of us have looked upon it as a beautiful exhibition of ready wit.

The State street car had reached Archer avenue, and the hour was 6.15, which is to say the car was crowded. At Archer Avenue two young women, well dressed and intelligent looking clambered upon the bow end of our car and looked expectant. One found a seat readily enough, for by good luck a front-end passenger disembarked there. The girl took the seat and looked pleased. Her companion stood for a moment holding to the rail, and then it was that the middle-aged man with the basket of peaches did the polite thing and motioned her to take his seat, he vacating and abdicating in her favor. She dropped cheerfully into the vacated space, but never a word said she.

The middle-aged man tried to balance himself, being anchored to his peaches and being bothered by his bundle of evening newspapers. It was several seconds before he got himself on a good basis, and by this time the girl whom he had befriended did not know he was alive. She was engaged on a Laura Jean Libbey novel. The middle-aged man was angry, but he was clever about it. He smiled gratefully at the young woman and said: "Thank you very much." He said it in a high falsetto, which might have been accepted as a counterfeit of a woman's voice. Then in deep bass he responded to his own polite words: "Oh, don't mention it. It is a pleasure for me to give you my seat. I only have sixty-two blocks yet to ride, and my basket is not at all heavy—only a peck of peaches."

It was smart. There was no doubting it, but that girl was not frozen. She went right on reading, as though nothing had happened in the world since she had accepted without acknowledgment the middle-aged man's seat. The man looked at her with some surprise, and then again the falsetto spoke up: "Oh, I know you must be tired sir, and I am so much younger than you and have only a little way to ride. Do keep your seat."

To which the basso returned answer: "It would be a reproach for me to do so when a lady, a polite and worthy lady, is unprovided with a place to sit."

We were all of us grinning hugely. He did it so genteelly and in such a well-bred manner. It came right home to all of us. How

on earth the girl was able to brazen it out we could not understand. The dialogue was resumed:

Falsetto—It is so good of you, and I am so grateful.

Basso—I beg you will not speak of it. I am amply repaid by your acknowledgment, though you have so little to acknowledge.

Falsetto—I could not be comfortable in mind did I think that basket was a burden to you.

Basso—It only weighs fourteen tons and has only scalped seven square inches of cuticle off my limb, so I urge you not to consider it.

The girl and her friend both sat blissfully unconscious, as far as outward sign went to show. Really their nerve was marvelous.

Just at this moment the friend of the Laura Jean Libby girl opened her reticule and produced a little tablet, on which she wrote something which she submitted to the novel reader. The latter read, closed her book and wrote an answer, which was received with an excited nod. Then the middle-aged man's prey handed the book to the conductor, who perused its message, handed it back and quickly stopped the car. He pointed backward and with an exposition of two fingers indicated that the two deaf-mutes had been carried two blocks beyond their street. Everybody on the car understood, and the very persons who had wanted to run the middle-aged man for president in opposition to Mr. Bryan were now wild to hang him to the nearest projection, although nobody cared to take the initiative.

SIMPLE REASONS.

A soap bubble is round because every part of its surface is equally pressed by the atmosphere.

Boiled water tastes that flat and insipid because the gases it contains have been driven off by the heat.

A heavy dew is the precursor of rain. It shows that the atmosphere is saturated with moisture.

Red hair is of that color because it is supposed to have a larger proportion of sulphur than black hair. Iron bedsteads are safe during a thunder storm, because, being good conductors, they keep the electricity from the body.

The flesh under the nails looks red, because the nails are almost transparent, and thus the color of the tissue beneath is visible.

White clothing is cool because it reflects the heat of the sun; black clothing is warm because it absorbs both heat and light.

A burning gaslight is unhealthy in a bedchamber, because one gas-light gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two sleepers.

Swallows fly low before a rain, because the insects they pursue are then near the ground to escape the moisture of the upper air.

A spoon in a glass filled with hot water prevents the breaking of the glass, because the metal readily absorbs a large part the heat of the water.

A red sunset foretells dry weather because it indicates that the wind toward the west, from which direction rain may generally be expected, contains little moisture.

A man feels drowsy after a hearty meal, because a large part of the blood in the system goes to the stomach to aid in digestion and leaves the brain poorly supplied.

Lightning travels in a zigzag course, because it passes through different strata of air, and being resisted in its passage turns from side to side to find the easier path.

Woolen goods feel warm because wool is a poor conductor of heat, and the goods made of wool contain within their substance large quantities of air, also a poor conductor.

Flies can walk on the ceiling, because their feet are natural air-pumps and form a vacuum, so that the body is supported by the atmospheric pressure.

People wink because the eye must be kept clean and moist, and by action of the eyelids the fluid secreted by the glands of the eye is spread equally over the surface of the globe.

A closed room is bad for sleeping, because air once breathed parts with a sixth or its oxygen

and contains an equivalent amount of carbonic acid gas; air breathed six times will not support life.

The snow huts of the Esquimaux are the warmest dwellings that can be constructed in polar reigns, because snow is the poorest conductor of heat that can be found there, and keeps the warmth of the fire within.

People hiccup because of a muscular contraction of the diaphragm. It is supposed to be sympathetic and to arise from an effort of the diaphragm to assist the stomach to get rid of some undigested or disagreeable matter.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

The aqueous vapor in the air varies with the temperature.

We need about 4,000 cubic feet of air per hour in sick rooms.

Inhaling dust may throw a small portion of the lungs out of use.

The air of our houses should not come from the cellar, nor yet from the garbage pile.

Exposure to sewer gas must inevitably result in a marked falling off in health.

Twelve-foot ceilings are high enough, and in the upper stories nine to ten still better.

Dust particles in the lungs may cause inflammation or even laceration by their sharp edges.

One peculiarity of overcharge of carbon dioxide is an almost instant loss of muscular power.

A high-ceiling room is harder to ventilate than a low-ceiling one with broader floor space.

The body becomes more susceptible to the contagion of diseases when present in small quantities only.

Electrical fans for driving air into or removing it from houses, is one of the very best means of ventilation.

The ratio of deaths from phthisis on streets over 40 feet to those under 40 feet wide, are as three to five.

In places where soda water is made the atmosphere runs sometimes higher than two per cent of carbon dioxide, yet without harmful effect.

Carbon dioxide in the air from other sources than the human body (fires) can reach 1 or 2 per cent although normally one-twenty-fifth of 1 per cent outdoors.

Carbon dioxide is harmless even in per centages of twenty-five or fifty times as great as we find it in outdoor air. The close, foul odor of vitiated air something else.

The influence of deleterious agencies may, to one unaccustomed to them, produce very serious results, while to another, accustomed thereto, they may be comparatively harmless.

The health of a town depends largely upon the width of the street, general height of buildings and yard space between buildings. Wide streets, and diagonal ones especially, possess great value.

Carbon monoxide is deadly, being composed of one atom of carbon and one atom of oxygen. One-half per cent in the air will cause poisonous symptoms and more than 1 or 2 per cent may be fatal.

We need nearly 3,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour for breathing purposes, but we can do with as little as 2,500. Children need less, and there are now building schools to give the children 1,800 cubic feet per hour.—Popular Science.

Lift your hat reverently when you meet a school teacher of a primary school. She is the good angel of the republic. She takes the bantling fresh from the home nest, and full of pouts and passions—an ungovernable wretch whose mother admits she sends him to school to get rid of him. This lady, who knows her business, takes a carload of three little anarchists, one of whom single handed and alone is more than a match for his parents, and at once puts them in the way of being useful and upright citizens. At what expense of toil and soul weariness. Here is the most responsible position in the whole school, and if her salary was double she would not receive more than she earns.—Ex.

Keep the heart young, and the body will be slow in growing old.

TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

A little over a century ago the New York Institution for the Deaf sent forth a number of her brightest graduates, among which was Ira W. Lewis, who died three years ago at the age of seventy-eight years, leaving a group of seven well-bred children and more than a dozen of grandchildren. Bert Ira Lewis is one of them. He is a popular and genial young man, and it was my good luck to find him located in Wellsboro, Pa., and to remain as his guest for a week, by which time I learned of several deaf-mutes living in the above named county.

Wellsboro is considered the prettiest town in Tioga county, it being the county seat. It has over three thousand inhabitants. It has clean and shady streets and at night it is lighted by electricity.

Mr. B. I. Lewis is blessed with a beautiful home, an affectionate and intelligent wife and a lovely little girl, the sunshine of his family. Through his kind invitation, Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Moore and child, of that place, spent a very enjoyable evening with them during my stay. Mr. Lewis finds little difficulty in entertaining deaf-mutes, as he is an adept in the use of part of their language.

The Wellsboro Agitator, in its forty-third year, is the best and leading weekly journal in Tioga county, devoted to the interests of Wellsboro and adjacent towns. Among the four printers is a deaf-mute who has been there steadily since he graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf before it was removed to Mount Airy, Pa. Mr. Moore has worked on that paper longer than his fellow printers. Before entering in the holy bonds of matrimony he saved his earnings and bought the house in which he lives, an example for many a thrifty deaf-mute to follow. His wife is a graduate of the same school. At this writing she is spending the holidays with her parents in Muncie, Pa. Part of her time will be passed in Williamsport, with her deaf sister, Mrs. Chas. W. Longenburger.

Volcut C. Phelps, of Mansfield, Pa., is a drayman. He brought Prof. Powell's scenery and theatrical goods to Wellsboro and spent Thanksgiving Day there.

Michael Gilmartin, of Morris Run, Pa., was a pupil in the Le Couteux St. Mary's Institute for Deaf-Mutes, Buffalo, N. Y. By constant application to books, magazines, and mingling among his intelligent friends, he has made himself a man to understand and to be understood by the people at large. He is married, and two bright boys are the fruits of his happy marriage. He is employed in a coal mine.

Thomas E. Lewis, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, lives in the same place, and also works with Mr. Gilmartin. He is no relation to B. I. Lewis.

Harry B. Simonds runs a farm on half shares with his brother-in-law in Hammond, Pa., and is doing well.

Miss Amelia A. Fisher, who has been a resident of Wellsboro all her life, received a few years' education in the Pennsylvania Institution when it was in its teens. In those days there was no railroad accessible to Philadelphia, and for this reason she was unable to take a full course of study.

The Tioga county poorhouse had a mute named Horace Black, who broke through one of the windows of the lower dormitory and ran away and has not been found since last August. He being homeless and unable to help himself, was given a comfortable place there. It is a wonder he has not been found or how he has managed to sustain himself.

R. H. G.

The charm of life is love.

Suspense wears deeper than toil.

Sunshine cheers, while it inspires.

Humility is the door into heaven.

The whine betrays our selfishness.

Prejudice shuts the door to much advantage.

God takes the will for the deed in our poverty.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.
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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Nenth the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

A GERMAN scientist has invented a machine to be attached to the telephone, which will convey type-written messages just as the telephone conveys sound. The same wire is used in both—that is, the wire used by the telephone can be switched to the "teletypewriter," as the machine is called. A keyboard somewhat similar to the ordinary typewriter keyboard is attached, and as the keys are worked the message is instantly sent to its destination, being received in the same shape as if made by a typewriter. To the deaf, to whom the telephone is denied, this new invention promises to be a boon. In the near future the JOURNAL office may receive news via the teletypewriter.

In the absence of our regular Fanwood correspondent, Mr. W. G. Shanks, tutor at the Institution, has furnished a forcible example of industry and versatility. At carpentry he is a skilful workman, and how he has proved that the intellectual lamp is ever brightly burning in his brain, by furnishing a column of good reading matter and afterwards "setting it up" in type. William G. is a great admirer of the "art preservative," and if his eyesight were keen he would shine as a disciple of Gutenberg and Faust, Caxton, and our own Benjamin Franklin.

SCARLET FEVER has made its appearance at the Little Rock, Ark., Institution. The disease is of a mild nature, and no fatal results are probable. Principal Yates' little boy is one of the sick, and he urges that parents be not alarmed but place the same confidence in the physician that he is doing. Mr. Yates has our sympathy, and at the same time we rejoice with him in the doctor's assurance that the disease "is of the mildest type he has known in all his practice."

RECENT advices from India convey the good tidings that Mr. Banerji has succeeded in getting financial assistance from the Government, for the School for the Deaf at Calcutta, over which he presides. The grant is not as large as it should be, but will lead to more substantial help in the near future.

In a new shape, neatly printed and tastefully gotten up, the *Wisconsin Times* of the 24th is a thing of beauty. Reading matter, illustrations and good workmanship, are its characteristics.

CORRESPONDENCE written on both sides of the paper, goes into the waste basket. Those who will not observe the rule to "write on one side of the paper only," will save time, postage stamps, delay and disappointment, by not writing at all.

THE year 1896 has been great for conventions, but its greatest record has been the slaughter of "independent" newspapers. The JOURNAL is still on deck, prints all the news and the latest news, and will do so in the coming year as in the past. On the eve of the new year we send forth greeting to all and the wish that for them the new year may be a happy and prosperous one.

THE DEAF OF INDIA.

Letter to the London Times.

SIR:—Allow me to bring to your notice and to the notice of your readers the miserable condition of our deaf fellow-subjects in India. As I am myself a deaf-mute I naturally take a deep interest in people similarly afflicted. While a student at the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, U. S. A., where I was sent by my father, the Rev. C. A. Maginn, whose brother was Dr. William Maginn, of *Fraser's Magazine*, events happened to draw my attention to India. After my return to Ireland I had correspondence with a citizen of Calcutta to go there and start a school for the deaf. But events happened which induced me to give up the project.

From the last census report I understand there are nearly 200,000 such people in India in whose ears the sweet human voice—mothers included—never sounds. For this incredibly large number of people there are only two very small schools, containing not more than 50 pupils. In other words, only one in four thousand deaf-mutes receives education, while they are more in need of it than their hearing brethren.

I am glad that I did not go to Calcutta to open a school, for we have in our midst now a young man, Babu Ja Banerji, who, with the help of some friends, started the Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School in May, 1893. With a view to investigate the various methods of teaching the deaf, he came to England in October, 1894. He was present at the British Deaf and Dumb Association Congress held at Dublin in August, 1895. By an eloquent speech he won the hearts of the members of the Belfast Deaf and Dumb Missionary Society, who sent him at their expense to the Washington Deaf-Mute College for a course of training. During his stay in the United States Mr. Banerji's expenses were paid by the Government of that country. He was heartily welcomed not only by President Cleveland, but also by Sir Julian Pauncefote, our Ambassador, and Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, the president of the college.

Mr. Banerji has come back to London and is about to return to India. Young though he is, Mr. Banerji is a highly cultured person with a sympathetic heart and broad mind. He has visited a large number of schools on both sides of the Atlantic. He has acquainted himself with all the various methods of teaching the deaf, and through his admirable common sense has made friends with people of diverse opinions.

We have heard from Mr. Banerji with heart beating the pitiable condition of our unfortunate fellow-subjects in India.

The two small schools—one at Bombay and the other at Calcutta—cannot be efficiently conducted unless more funds come. The institution at Bombay is the result of missionary enterprise, while that at Calcutta is an entirely unsectarian native movement, having among the members of the managing committee Hindus, Mahomedans, and Christians. To the former the Government grant in aid is Rs. 100 a month and the municipal contribution is Rs. 1,800 per annum.

To the school at Calcutta, with 26 pupils—two Christians and the rest Hindus—the Government have not yet thought fit to give any aid. This, I am sorry to say, is a gross violation of their solemn promise which they made a few years ago. At the request of the late Royal Commission, the then Secretary of State for India instituted an inquiry. The Government of India refused to start any schools for the deaf themselves, but promised to help any private enterprise. The school at Calcutta is a private enterprise and a successful one.

The people of India have no knowledge of the fact that the deaf can be educated, and scarcely credit it. So that the school at Calcutta can hardly expect any substantial aid from them for some years to come until it has proved its utility. A few friends of the deaf in the United Kingdom have made successful efforts to give Mr. Banerji's school a start by raising some money here for its aid; a very small sum can render a great service to it now. If any of our charitably-disposed readers feel inclined to make a little sacrifice, Mr. W. E. Harris, treasurer of the Belfast Deaf and Dumb Missionary Society, 11 Fisherwick-place, Belfast, Ireland, will be very glad to receive and acknowledge any contributions on behalf of the Calcutta school.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
FRANCIS MAGINN.

Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard, D.D., First Vice-President of the Board of Directors, was a caller at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, on Tuesday. He took dinner with Matron and Steward Wilcox, they being a couple whom he united in the bonds of matrimony twenty years ago.

The *Deseret Eagle* in its issue of December 1st, states that only on half of the deaf and blind of Utah are in School, and asks, what is to be done for the other half?

PHILADELPHIA.

A Deserved Tribute to Rev. Mr. Koehler.

A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

The Little Ones Made Glad.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The Rev. J. M. Koehler received a substantial token of the love and esteem with which he is held by his friends here. The day before Christmas the reverend gentleman was astonished to have delivered at his house a magnificent mahogany roll-top desk. Being innocent of the intention of his friends, he was inclined to doubt the correctness of the delivery, and not until Mr. R. M. Ziegler, who was present and knew all about it, assured him that it was all right and his, did he believe it.

Unfortunately, however, the desk, which was a solid piece and could not be taken apart, was found to be too big to pass through the doorways or windows and therefore had to be taken back. The manufacturers sent an oak one of the same size with adjustable parts on Christmas morning, but Chairman Ziegler refused to approve it and ordered one like the first one selected made. So the Rev. Mr. Koehler will have to be content with visions of a mahogany desk in his study for a couple of weeks.

Scarcely two weeks ago a self-constituted committee, consisting of Mr. R. M. Ziegler, Mr. Thomas Breen and Miss Effie L. Parker, conceived the idea to encourage and honor the Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf in some fitting way, during this season of joy and giving. They decided on quietly soliciting subscriptions among his friends, and so spontaneous were the contributions that a magnificent sum was soon procured, and made possible the beautiful result above described.

The friends of the Rev. Mr. Koehler did nobly in thus honoring him. The act is a matter of intense gratification to us. For, as one being intimately associated with him in the work at All Souls, we are well able to judge of his sterling qualities and worth.

Therefore we think the recognition was most deserving. It was an act of grace as well as of kindness. In a certain sense, it was a triumph over his enemies. For what minister of his kind is there that has not his enemies? True, it sounds strange for a hard-working man of the Gospel to have enemies. Yet it is a fact most everywhere. And it is no less a fact here. But happily the friends generally outnumber the enemies. Thank God that it is so! How many of us have noted with what patience and forgiving spirit Mr. Koehler treats his enemies. It is one of the beautiful traits of his character to treat his enemies with Christian forbearance.

Those who know Rev. Mr. Koehler best know him to be a sincere worker, an honorable man, and a faithful friend of the deaf, being himself similarly afflicted. His missionary field is extensive, his work large and at times very pressing, and his duties onerous! Yet, in spite of frequent and annoying interference by injudicious persons, he has shown himself capable of holding the reins with grace, and of administering the affairs of All Souls' with honor, equity, and intelligence. All honor to such a man!

A beautiful service was held in All Souls' Church on Sunday afternoon. The attendance was very large. After a shortened form of evening prayer had been read, the Bible Classes held their Christmas festival. It consisted of interesting exercises participated in by members from each class, all of whom acquitted themselves creditably. Mr. Harry G. Gunkel rendered the hymn, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night;" a reading on "Christmas in other Lands," was given by Mr. James T. Young; three young ladies, Mrs. Thomas D. Delp, Miss Cora Ford, and Miss Sallie L. Fleming, recited in concert a beautiful Christmas Carol; Miss Effie L. Parker recited a Christmas story, entitled "A Sweet, Unselfish, Little Life;" and lastly, Mr. John M. Wismer gave an appropriate hymn. Then the people, standing, followed the Pastor in reading the Gloria in Excelsis, after which the benediction was pronounced. Presents and candy were afterwards distributed to all the children of deaf parents in the parish in the hall below. The ladies, of St. Trinity Church donated the presents, and Mrs. Matthew F. Hamilton, the candy. The latter's daughter, Miss Emily R., is a member of All Souls' and a very respectable young lady.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Baker, of Berwick, Pa., and Charles Colgan, of Binghamton, N. Y., were among our Christmas visitors.

Robert E. Underwood had a slight attack of the grip last week.

Washington Houston received a reply to a letter of congratulation sent President-elect McKinley, which he has had framed nicely. The frame is painted in patriotic colors—red, blue and white stripes and in the centre at the top is mounted a McKinley button. He takes pride in showing it to his friends.

Miss Lilla McGowan, a student of Gallaudet College, is visiting here. Miss Annie C. Schatz, of Reading, Pa., is also here, having come to attend the meeting of the Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D. Mr. Henry G. Gunkel, an oral graduate, has mastered the sign-language so well that he was able to render a hymn, in a manner as to surprise his friends, on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. R. M. Ziegler intends to spend Tuesday, Wednesday, and part of Thursday in his native town—Carlisle.

Mr. John E. Paul, of Boston and formerly of this city, writes to friends here that she is enjoying life in the Hub.

Miss Hannah Wright's eldest brother, John, surprised the paternal home on Christmas morning by having papered some of the rooms during the night. He is a paper-hanger by trade.

J. S. R.

Dec. 28, 1896.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Miss Sarah Arnot, who has been confined to her bed a few days, is better.

Hugo Pisceke will work in the Studebaker Works again in January.

Ira Keller is doing well in the barber business.

Wm. L. Hunt was again on duty Wednesday, December 17th, after a leave of absence on account of sore eyes.

Mr. Thomas King (buggy maker) has returned to La Porte, Ind., to reside.

George Hayes, of Mishawaka, Ind., left for Elkhart last Sunday to visit his mute brother.

Mr. Miller, of Woodland, Ind., who has been the guests of Chas. A. Piper, returned home on December 6th.

At Hackleman, Ind., December 12th, Mrs. James Lawrence, a mute woman of middle age and medium stature, gave birth to an eighteen pound boy—probably a record breaker for Indiana. Mother and child appear to be doing remarkably well.

On November 5th, quite an interesting meeting of the Clerc Literary Society was held at the home of Mrs. Zarrett. The following named were present: Mr. Arnot, President; Cope, Secretary; Mrs. Hayes, Treasurer; Geo. Hayes, literary committee; Hugo Pisceke, standing committee.

Hugo Pisceke has fixed a fine electric clock and bell at his home on Ohio Street.

Elder Cross, of Goshen, was in La Porte on Sunday.

Another of our young ladies is married. This time it is Madge Crosby to Mr. John P. Vanansdall, of Riley, Ohio. The nuptials were celebrated at noon on the 9th. The bride was handsomely attired, and her friends say, never looked better than on her wedding day. Refreshments were served in good style. The happy couple took on afternoon train for Indianapolis.

On November 29th, Wm. L. Hunt and wife were the guests of Miss Gertrude Wells at the home of the latter's grandmother, Mrs. A. Eberhart, of Mishawaka, Ind. While being entertained at the table, we were reminded of the delicate odors and sweet fragrance of most beautiful flowers—Chrysanthemums being in profusion. Miss Wells called attention to a very fine specimen of a lemon tree, having quite a good number of lemons about half the normal size. Miss Wells did the honors in a very creditable manner.

W. L. H.

Dec. 21, '96.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES, JANUARY 3d.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, THREE P. M.

St. Ann's in Church of St. John the Evangelist N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street Brooklyn.

Trinity Church, Newark, Holy Communion.

St. John's Church, Yonkers.

Services at the usual hours, interpreted for deaf-mutes, will be held on January 1st, the Feast of the Circumcision of Christ; and on January 6th, the Feast of the Epiphany on the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, corner of West 11th Street and Waverly Place, where St. Ann's Church is temporarily worshipping.

Mr. F. B. Thompson announces that his father and himself have moved to this city from Morristown, N. J., to live for the winter, and he hopes to see his friends and acquaintances often after that time.

In there any significance in the fact that no deaf-mute has ever come to the front as a champion pugilist?—N. Y. Daily News.

NEW YORK.

The Gayest of all Seasons.

TWO CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

Isaac Brockman Embraces the Catholic Faith—The News of the Week and Events to Come.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 236 East 59th Street, New York City.

A week or two prior to Christmas to New Year's, New York is at its height of activity in both the business and social sense. The avenues are densely thronged with shoppers and a general influx of visitors from the rural towns, and the aspect is one of the pictures we so often see of a great city. The deaf figure as well as the hearing as givers and receivers of presents, and in fact there is nothing to distinguish them to call for a special story as to how they spent the holidays.

Two events were held during last week. The first was the Christmas Tree Party in Brooklyn on Wednesday night, the 23d, and the second a like one in Newark, N. J., on Saturday night, the 26th. The accounts of either are not at hand, but it is said both were well attended, and an enjoyable time certainly was had by all participating.

Isaac Brockman has surprised his friends by turning a Catholic. He was baptized by Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell at St. Francis Xavier's on Sunday, December 27th, at 11:30 A. M. Mr. Brockman was born of Hebrew parents, but never believed in the orthodoxy of the creed. He married a Catholic. He examined and studied the Catholic faith, and became fully convinced that it was the only true religion, and thus followed the dictates of his conscience.

Miss Mamie Elsworth, a student of Gallaudet College, is spending the holidays with her parents in this City. She was at St. Ann's Sunday.

Skating is excellent in some of the near-by places. A number went to Hoboken Sunday to cut ice and figures.

Sol. Weil, of Buffalo, is in the city for the holidays. He is greeting friends at the Fifth Avenue Hotel Sunday.

Rev. John Chamberlain will soon pass the 25th year of his ordination as a minister to the deaf, and has issued invitations to a number of friends to help him celebrate the occasion in fitting style.

Miss Berley announces that tickets for Prof. Fox's lecture, on January 12th, are selling like hot tamales on a wintry night.

The Quad Club will sit in judgment on the old year on Thursday night. How they welcome the new year in will be told in our next.

Martin Glynn is helping with a small jobber do some printing for the sixty-third street Mission house during his leisure hours.

John Stauch is seriously thinking of renouncing bachelorhood during the new year.

The date for the masquerade ball on February 4th is rapidly drawing near. It is only five weeks off and is eagerly anticipated.

The M. L. A. is talking of some sort of an entertainment for next Spring.

Miss May Crolius has a "Liberty," but just now she is wondering, when the snow will go away.

It is said of Charles Bothner that early one morning, while sprinting on his bicycle in Orange for a doctor, he was placed under arrest for not having his lamp lighted. He requested of the policeman to take him to the Chief of Police. This requested was complied with, and the policeman was dumbfounded, when informed that Charley was the chief's son-in-law. Of course, Charley continued to the doctor's, chuckling to himself about the ignorance of policemen in general.

Robert McVea is home from school for the holidays, and is making the best of the time.

W. S. Abrams will spend January 1st in White Plains.

A Happy New Year to all.

TED.

Notice.

There will be a very interesting lecture, to be given by Prof. Thos. F. Fox, on Tuesday, January 12th, 1897, at eight o'clock P. M., in aid of the Gallaudet Home, at Madison Avenue and 89th Street. A very large attendance is expected, as it is for charity. Admission 15 cents.

LECTURE.

Feb. 16—Prof. Wm. G. Jones.

Miss Lena Lungwitz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., made contributed eight dollars to a poor woman, who has five children, and is in destitute circumstances. She deserves credit for her kindness in aiding the woman.

WHAT HINDERS PROGRESS?

Charles Dudley Warner in *Harper's Monthly* for September assumes the role of pessimist and scores the race for having made no more advance in brain power with all the advantages of the Centuries. Among other tart things, he says: "We believe in the continuity of development, and it is an unexplained problem why every human being born into the world, and every newly constituted community of human being, act as if they were the first arrivals, and go into experiments, that have been over and over again proved to be disastrous to peace and comfort." And again: "If the world lasts long enough to develop brains enough in the human race to put it into a condition of rational enjoyment, its life is simply incalculable."

Now the provoking cause of this sarcasm is the fact that some millions of Mr. Warner's fellow citizens persist in what appears to him the great folly of experimenting with free silver coinage. We shall not therefore say that in this particular instance he may not be fighting a man of straw. Still the fact remains that incalculable loss results, in every path of human endeavor, from the fact that people are not content to build on the foundations of others, but must needs start from the beginning.

We have sometimes thought that legislators and others having the training of the deaf in hand were planning "how not to do it." They take such mad streaks at times that a sensible man, who looks dispassionately at their cavortings, feels almost ashamed to belong to the genus homo.

The following follies of the work among the deaf cause us at times almost to despair of ever attaining the highest possible standard:

(1) Laws are so defective that governors and boards of trustees may render practically inoperative a large part of the vast sums of money appropriated, by filling the head places in schools with personal friends and political henchmen—men who know little of the deaf, and care less, but who are glad to use them as a cats-paw to secure fat salaries for themselves.

(2) So many boards insist upon placing their relatives in positions when they have had no training for the work and who, when they get in, feel that they need make no effort to perfect themselves, as their positions depend upon patronage and not upon efficiency.

(3) Superintendents are oftentimes even more guilty than boards in putting in their personal friends who are incompetent, thus betraying the high trust confided to them, and sacrificing the best interests of the helpless children under them.

(4) Superintendents are further guilty at times in that they undertake to save money and get the name of being economical by appointing more women than men as teachers; or by crowding large classes together so that the teacher becomes simply a care-taker. Or they put too much of money on the outside where the public may see it, to the neglect of the literary department of their schools.

(5) Some teachers are in the work simply as a bread and butter proposition. They perform their duties perfunctorily and consider themselves abused if called upon for any extra duty. As to taking any responsibility for the children outside of school hours, that is out of the question—they are not hired for that purpose.

Parents, themselves, often ignorantly stand in the way of their children's best interests. They allow the children to have their way at home too much; or they do not return them promptly at the opening of school; or they take them out in the spring to save paying a few dollars to a hired man; or they send them to some insignificant day school to have them near them, when they have the privilege of a well appointed State school, thus accepting fifty cent dollars when they might just as well have those worth a hundred cents; or they clamor to have their children taught orally, when it is evident that they cannot learn by that method.

Now all these considerations almost make us pessimists; but we combat the feeling by assuring ourselves that while the progress is much slower than it might be, still, on the whole, there is constant gain, and it becomes us as philosophers to look for the good rather than the evil, remembering "it is easier to be critical than to be correct."—*Editorial in Colorado Index.*

Wane of the Honey-Moon.

"No," she faltered, "he doesn't love me any more! This morning—
The remembrance well-nigh overcame her.
"He had such a sore throat, and I—I wanted to wrap up his neck in red flannel. And he—he"
She was sobbing now.
"He said he wasn't going to make any horse show himself!"—*New York Press.*

The deaf-mute usually has a great deal of information at his finger's ends.

Helen Keller.

The Hot Springs (Ark.) *News* prints the following letter from Dr. J. M. Keller relative to his niece, Helen Keller:

"Please allow me to correct a part of the telegram from Boston that appeared in your paper, announcing the fact that Helen had passed the examination for Harvard. That she had passed with very high record is true, but the mistakes I desire to correct is that the telegram further states that she is blind and deaf, scentless and tasteless. It is true that she has never seen a ray of light nor heard a sound since she was about fourteen months old, but she has the sense of taste and smell most marvelously sensitive. Scent is the sense of smell that she can, with unerring certainty, give the name of any variety of roses the instant they touch her nose, and what is more remarkable, she will, solely by the sense of smell, return as many gloves as may be handed her in a bunch by any number of persons who have worn the gloves, instantly to each proper owner, by simply smelling them and the hands of each owner. And now it is known that you may secrete a person in a room, and let her know nothing of his presence, and a moment after she enters the room she will know the fact and so state it. This must be the sense of smell.
"Very respectfully,
"J. M. KELLER."

The Chinese Work Backward.

The Chinese do everything backward. Their compass points to the south instead of to the north. The men wear skirts and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot. The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens. The spoken language is not written and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backward, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and the bridesmaids wear black—instead of being maids these functionaries are old women. The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hands instead of the hand of the one whom they would greet. Vessels are launched sideways and horses are mounted from the off side. They commence their dinner with the dessert and end up with soup and fish. In shaving, the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hair.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

HUMILITY.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by "humility" doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his own opinions, but a right understanding of the relations between what he can do and say and the rest of the world's doings and sayings. All great men not only know their own business, but usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions, but usually know that they are, only they do not think much of themselves on that account. They do not expect their fellow men to fall down and worship them; they have a curious understanding of powerlessness, feeling that greatness is not in them, but through them. They do their work, feeling that they cannot well help doing it.

OUT OF PLACE.

Dean Stanley used to relate that a gentleman once called to tell him that he had been into the abbey, and had knelt down to pray, when the verger had come up to him and told him he must not kneel there. On asking why not, the verger had said:

"Why, sir, if I was once to allow it, we should have them praying all over the place."

This recalls the gentleman visiting a church and asking the sexton whether people ever used it for private prayer, to which he replied, "I ketch'd two of 'em at it once."

New Year's Don'ts.

Don't fail to receive New Year's day with a smiling face.

Don't usher in that day by declaring you are growing old.

Don't sent word you are out because New Year's calls are out of fashion.

Don't neglect to send a bonbon box to your best girl.

Don't receive an old friend gloomily on that day.

Don't trust to new 1897 and slander old 1896.

Don't fail to send New Year's greetings to those far away.

Don't think you may meet your fate in 1897. Perhaps it will be better to miss him.

Don't be unfriendly. Do all the good you can, and don't slander anybody.

Don't turn over too many new leaves for 1896.

Don't be unhappy about anything. Be a philosopher.

Don't deride the new year.

COLUMBUS.

Yuletide Festivities at the Institution.

ATTACKED BY A HIGHWAYMAN.

Items of Interest.

From our Columbus Correspondent.

As we write it's Christmas, the dear old day that brings joy and sunshine into millions of little faces. We said it was old. Really it is not to the children, never. It is as bright and fresh as of yesterday. All week, there was unmistakable evidence that this joyous event was near at hand. In most of the class rooms, the children, with assistance from their teachers, decorated the walls in token of the occasion. The girls on their side of the house made special efforts to beautify their rooms and succeeded happily. The express companies' wagons drove up to the Institution more often than usual, while the letter carrier's load was heavier than formerly. These of course brought Christmas remembrances from home. Pupils had extra excuses to go up street, and when they returned brought with them packages that they were very mysterious about.

Through Superintendent Jones' kindness of heart, the children were given a half holiday, all school duties being dispensed with Thursday noon. The pupils enjoyed the treat, and passed the time either in assisting in the Christmas eve preparations, or took delight in witnessing the numerous fine Christmas shop displays on High Street.

At 6:45 P.M. the chapel doors were thrown open, and it was soon filled with pupils and friends of the institution to witness the Christmas tree presentation. A little later the curtain was rung up, and a fine lighted tree met the gaze of every one. There were stocks of oranges and candies around it. Miss Clara Winton, with the two smallest girls in the Institution, came forth from behind the scenes. The little ones were not stage-struck, but ran about without any concern, hunting for him whom every one was anxious to see—Santa Claus. This individual shortly after came in on his bicycle and received a royal welcome. He presented his credentials from Supt. Jones, and as all the children (four hundred and fifteen) had been real good, he was happy to come and present each something. Each pupil was presented with an orange and a paper ball of mixed candy. Christmas morning came in with fair weather. There was a little snow left on the ground from Monday evening's fall, so it was not entirely a green Christmas. Children were attired early, eager to be first to extend the compliments of the day. They were unusually happy, for a majority had been well remembered from home, while the less fortunate ones were not allowed to be without cheer by their companions and others who feel an interest in them. Principal Patterson conducted chapel services at 9:15 with appropriate remarks on the occasion. At 12:30 a splendid Christmas dinner was served, and in the afternoon the usual social occurred. Superintendent Jones left nothing undone to make the occasion pleasant to the children. He was found almost everywhere giving directions and looking after details.

In the evening the Christmas entertainment committee, Mr. McGregor, Mr. Schory, Miss Greener, Miss Brunning and Miss Stelzger, presented a play entitled "The Counting of Mother Goose." It was a novel treat for all, and greatly enjoyed throughout, especially the capers of Mr. Moon and the other actors. Among the visitors here from abroad were Mr. James Stottler, of Wellington, James Ormiston, of Washington County, Messrs. Ambaugh and Clum, of Allen Co., Miss Bessie De Frees, of Piqua.

About eight o'clock last Saturday evening, Mrs. E. Bard and Miss Kitty Munnell, both deaf-mute ladies, were returning to the Institution from a shopping expedition. They were coming home on Broad Street. As they neared Grant Avenue, one of a couple of fellows who had been following them for some distance suddenly stepped up and attempted to snatch a purse Mrs. Bard held in her hand. Mrs. Bard screamed out, and at the same time kept a fierce grip on the pocketbook. Evidently her screams were not expected by the fellow, for he suddenly let go and made himself scarce in the darkness.

Misses Edith Biggam and Nora Patterson of the bindery left for their respective homes, in Stark and Gurnesey counties, Thursday, to spend the holidays.

Mr. Frank Jones was down in Cincinnati a couple of days this week.

Mr. Wornstaff, of Gallaudet College, on his way home to spend Christmas, stopped over here a few hours Tuesday. His old school-mates were all glad to see him, and noted with pride the change in his appearance.

Foreman Branson, of the *Western Pennsylvanian* was a spectator of the entertainment Friday evening.

Mrs. Zell, with her children Ernest and Ethel, passed the Christmas holiday down in Dayton. Several of the other teachers also spent theirs out of town.

Dec. 26, '96. A. B. G.

STRAY THOUGHTS BY THE FIRESIDE.

Christmas, the time of "peace on earth, good will toward men," is with us again, and only yesterday we passed another milestone in our life's journey. For us, the old year is ended, a new begun.

And as the merry chiming of Christmastide peal forth their glad tidings, we sit alone in the gloaming musing by the fireside intently watching the glowing coals, and bygone memories like a hazy spell pass o'er us, and we seem in a dream.

Years ebb backward, clouds part, the old horizons come nearer and nearer, and we are again wandering, in the quiet mazes of childhood, with the shining young faces of loved companions at our side.

We have since had many strange visions and dreamed dreams, but nothing has ever seemed half so sweet as our past childhood, seen in fancy—the dear days of "auld lang syne." And often there will gleam upon us over the waste of rolling years, a memory of youthful days that quickens again the nobler and better instincts of the soul.

O! the gay-hearted joys of childhood! who has not said,—whose tears have not invariably started, as they have heard it sung—

"Backward, turn backward, O! Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!"

And as we gaze fondly back on the receding vista of years, how earnestly we could echo the poet's grand words. Yes, just for to-night, O, God! make us a child again; gay, innocent, and guileless.

O! childhood, joyous childhood! thou art that typing of the turning wheel whose circle brings us back to trust and truth, and in the spheric bound, encompasses all freshness and innocence.

Thy faith defeats time's fierce iconoclasm; thy purity makes plain our Godhead's presence!

Dynasties may rise, flourish and decay; religions wax and wane; thrones crumble and nations disappear;—but the fount of childhood is perennially fresh!

We give a sudden start and awake! The dream passes away into misty oblivion and is ended.

The coals in the fire have burned low, and we shiver. Is it from cold or from the spell that has enthralled us? Alas! were the sweet scenes of childhood but the baseless fabric of a vision, or was it in reality, a dream?

They say "one never grows old while the heart is young."

It may be so, for in other gay, light-hearted children we see but the reflection of our own childhood; and,

"Oft in the wintry twilight we doze in the fireside glow,
We seem to hear the music of the bells across the snow,
As once we heard them so plainly in the sweet long ago!"

But times change and we change with them, and though our after life appears to have had less of its share of sorrows, more than its measure of sweets, yet the dim recollection seemed an "o'er true tale," wafted to us from some forsaken life, and it still thrills our soul with a sweet memory of bygone days that makes womanhood's years too seem only a dream.

Ah, well! gradually we are descending the slope of the going down of life's sun. It is appointed for all to reach life's meridian, stand there for little and go down on the other side. Youth may not be recovered here, but we doubt not we may be young again in that bourne towards which we are now fast passing.

Farewell, sweet dreams of childhood, thou art but a memory that came we know not whence and art gone we know not whither, but into one lonely life thou hast brought a ray of sunshine, and in time to come when life's clouds seem darkest, may you return to dispell them with visions as sweet as on this holy Christmas night, that commemorates the birth of the lowly Christ-child.

PITTI-SING.

John Rae, a deaf-mute recently from Scotland, is working on a farm near East Bethel, Me.

Of "Superba," a pantomime now at the Grand Opera House, New York, the *New York Sun*, among other things, says: "Some of the speaking actors are less satisfactory than the silent ones, and so the appeals to the ears are less successful than the appeals to the eyes."

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Bowling Tournament in Progress.

"MRS. JARLEY'S WAX WORKS."

A Leap Year Party--And Brief Items.

From our Washington Correspondent.

"The College is now clothed in holiday attire, and, as has always been the case, everything bears a quiet aspect. The first term closes on Thursday, when the results of the work just finished were given out. As usual, a majority of those who took the examinations, came out of the mill successful. The Seniors underwent the hardest tests in Psychology and Logic; the Juniors had mechanics; the Sophomores Geometry and Trigonometry, the Freshmen Geometry, and the "Ducks" Algebra and Latin. Only fifteen of the "Duck" class, which numbers thirty-four, passed the ordeal. Most of the failures were in Algebra and Latin.

After the results were given out, those whom we announced in our last letter, took their leave. The remainder adjourned to the bowling alley, where the Annual Bowling Tournament was opened at 10:30 A.M. The Seniors and Juniors were the first in the schedule. Smielau and Brochhagen upheld the colors of ninety-seven, Erd and Eickhoff representing ninety-eight. The scores at the close were, 285 for '97, and 200 for '98. Then came a contest between the feathery tribe and the Sophomores, which the latter won by a close margin. Stutsman and Davis represented '99; Hastings and Stuhl the Introductory Class. The "co-eds" attend the games, and show a lively interest in the excitement. The tournament will close on Wednesday, and we shall announce the results in our next letter.

The Jollity Club gave an enjoyable entertainment in the chapel Christmas evening. "Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Works" were reproduced with amusing effects. Some of them were perfectly automatic, especially those of Misses Hemphill, Eddy and Titus. Miss Runck took the role of "Mrs. Jarley," assisted by Misses Donnelly and Zettel. Miss Rogers, accompanied by her daughter (Miss Toomey) were visitors from "wayback," and displayed great interest in the various figures exhibited. Some of the characters represented were: giggler, Miss Lamson; Topsy, Miss Hemphill; weeping widow, Miss Titus; Lady Macbeth, Miss Eddy; Pocahontas, Miss Griffith; cow-boy, Miss Waters.

A leap-year party was given by the Jollity Club Saturday evening in the chapel and dining-room. The students and several members of the Faculty were present to enjoy a treat, which comes only once every four years, for at this occasion they did all the accepting—the asking was done by the "co-eds." Dancing occupied most of the time, while those who have an aversion to enjoyed games that were conducted by the fair sex. Refreshments were served during the intermission, and when the clock struck eleven all retired with beautiful souvenirs as mementoes of the first leap-year party ever given by the lady-students. Miss Leyder and those who assisted in making the affair a success deserve great credit.

Among the guests were President Gallaudet, the Misses Gordon, Miss Fish, Prof. Draper, Dean Porter, Rev. Job. Turner, Mr. Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. Beadell, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Chickering, and Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, '93.

We are in receipt of a proposition sent from St. John's College at Annapolis, Md., to enter a league composed of other Maryland Colleges. The proposal is looked upon with favor, as its purpose is to promote the amateur spirit in athletics and bar out professionals. There will be a meeting of representatives of the various colleges, when definite plans and rules will be formed. The faculty have chosen Mr. Ely to represent them, and Whitlock will look after the athletic association.

The Iowa students were remembered with boxes of bon-bons from Superintendent Rothert.

Mr. Ely has gone to his Frederick, Md., home, and Mr. Hall is visiting relatives in New York.

If the cold weather stays a few days longer, the students will have an opportunity to enjoy the use of their skates which, at this moment, are as rusty as can be.

Mr. Fowler and family have gone to Richmond, Va., on a visit to that historic old town, and on their return will stop at Fortress Monroe.

Mrs. T. P. Clarke, a teacher in the Michigan School, is visiting Misses B. Taylor and Titus, who hail from the same school. Dec. 27, '96. F. C. S.

KANSAS HAPPENINGS.

Miss Maggie Stevenson, of Olathe, who is teaching at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, has been quite sick. She is a sister to Mrs. Frank Read, Jr., of Jacksonville, Ill.

Miss Anna Yates left Kansas City, Mo., for Iowa, where she will make her home with her parents.

A. A. Stewart, of the Manhattan Republic, formerly superintendent of the Kansas School for the Deaf, was defeated by Mr. Hessin, a Republican, for State Senator from the Twenty-first Kansas district. Several newspapers say that he is one of the candidates for State Printer.

Omar F. Harshman and Miss Fannie Taylor were married last November. They were educated at our school, the latter graduating in June, 1892. They have made their future home in Lawrence, where Mr. Harshman has a good shoe-shop. We wish them much happiness all through their lives.

Miss Cora Hoge, formerly teacher at the Kansas School for the Deaf, was married to Mr. Sinnet on the 25th of November. They live in Olathe.

Hon. A. G. Forney, populist of Belle Plaine, was twice elected to the State Senate. He has been a friend to a deaf-mute neighbor, by the name of Joseph S. Cox, for many years. Mr. Cox was educated at the Illinois and Kansas Schools, and is one of the best farmers in Kansas. Hon. Forney is always interested in deaf-mutes, and can spell with his fingers.

Miss Ethelwyn Hammond, who is attending Washburn College at Topeka, visited her parents, Prof. and Mrs. H. C. Hammond of the Kansas School.

Eddie H. McIlvaine is running a barber shop at Council Grove. He was at one time supervisor of boys at the Ohio School for the Deaf.

Willie J. Stover is helping his father on their farm near Helmick, and often meets several deaf-mutes, who live in and out of Council Grove and Helmick, and their vicinities.

Oscar Peterson, of Lamont, Oklahoma, was married to Miss Atlanta Adams, of Kansas, some time ago. They live on their farm at Lamont.

Miss Estella Bodley, who resigned her position at the Kansas School for the deaf recently, has gone to Illinois to visit relatives and friends. She graduated at the same school in 1892, and was one of the bright graduates.

Prof. and Mrs. D. S. Rogers, and Miss Katherine Meldrum, of the Kansas School, while shopping in Kansas City, Mo., met Mrs. Alfred L. Kent (nee Miss Luella Stiffler), a former teacher of the Utah School, who lives with her parents-in-law in Kansas City, while her husband is teaching at the Florida School.

TWILIGHT.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Miss Gertrude E. Maxwell entertained a small party of deaf-mutes last Tuesday evening at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Jones, on West Avenue, in honor of her birthday. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Kowald, Mr. Well, Miss Hastings, of East Aurora, N. Y.; Mr. Hubbell, Miss Carroll, Mr. Hahn and Mr. Watts. The parlors were prettily decorated by Mrs. Jones, and ornamented with holly and greens. The party played cards. A delightful supper was served and the party dispersed, having spent a very enjoyable evening.

Miss Grace Hastings, of East Aurora, N. Y., was the guest of Miss G. Maxwell. She went home last Thursday morning. She spoke of the good time she had during her visit in Boston.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer, and the babies are in this city. They expect to stay here for two weeks with Rev. Mr. Dantzer's relatives on Elk Street.

Miss Minnie Carroll, of Rochester, N. Y., is in this city. She is stopping with the Cornelius family, and expects to stay here for two weeks.

The friends of Mr. F. E. Robinson, of Conewango, N. Y., extend their condolence to him in the loss of his mother.

It is rumored that Miss Robinson, sister of Mr. Robinson, will come to Buffalo to board with Mr. and Mrs. Bergquist.

Mr. Sol. D. Weil expects to be out of town during the holidays. He will be home in time for the Apron and Necktie party.

The "Apron and Necktie" party will be given by the Dunne Social Club, to be held at Le Conteux St. Mary's Hall on Edward Street, on the 31st of December. The members of St. Mary's Literary Society are invited, and they may invite their friends.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

STARLOCK.

Dec. 21, 1896.

M. J. SMITH DEAD.

WELL KNOWN AS "SOLID MULDOON."

M. J. Smith a deaf-mute, who is well known among the deaf of the whole country as "Solid Muldoon" of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, died of stomach, catarrh and consumption on Thursday, December 17th, at fifteen minutes to 2 o'clock P.M. at his home, 3909 Larimer St., Denver, Colo. M. J. Smith was also well known in Denver and Pueblo. He was formerly proprietor and editor of the Pueblo *Merry World*, and did editorial work on the Globeville News, East Denver Dispatch and East End Echo. His last paper, the *Echo*, printed an edition of one thousand eight hundred copies, and the circulation was still growing. Very few papers in the United States can boast of such a record in their first year. Smith was a bright attractive writer and was making his paper one of the best of its kind in the West. He was identified with various projects here for the past ten years. Upon coming to Denver from Pueblo, where he had successfully conducted the "Merry World," a comic paper, he renounced newspaper work and went to work in the Globe-Smelter, where he worked for several years, but his health began to fail and he was compelled to stop working at the smelter and again took up the pen. He worked at the different newspaper offices, and was with the *East End Echo* since its inception. His ever ready wit and sarcasm has had much to do with the success of the various enterprises, as all could depend upon a bright and newsy paper when "Dummy" was with it. Besides a large and extended circle of friends, he leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss. Buried at Fairmount Cemetery on Saturday, December 19th, at 2 P.M.

A SLICK "PANHANDLER."

Billy Godfrey is both a "panhandler" and an "ink grafter." He plays the deaf and dumb business, and is perfect in the part. He is never detected in the deception where he is not known.

Godfrey is a handsome man, of about forty-five years of age. He has a high forehead and dark curling hair, a lock of which falls over his brow. His eyes are peculiar. Long-continued use of belladonna for a malady from which he suffered has permanently enlarged the pupils of his eyes, so that the iris is only a thin blue ring surrounding them. He is quite well educated, and can write a good, business hand.

With a card, written by himself, setting forth his misfortune, and stating how he came to be deaf and dumb, through a malignant case of scarlet fever, he goes from door to door.

It is a part that requires extreme coolness and watchfulness. Questions are suddenly asked, and all sorts of schemes put up by those he visits to ascertain if he is really a mute.

Godfrey never betrays himself. Long practice and a naturally quiet disposition have rendered him an adept in the art of shamming. To illustrate the coolness of the man and how utterly futile are the efforts to make him betray himself, a single incident will suffice.

Godfrey went into a barroom about a year ago, and handed his begging card to the barkeeper. There were several men at the bar drinking.

"What's the matter, Dan? asked one of the crowd.

"Oh, this fellow's deaf and dumb and wants help."

Instantly Billy was the center of attraction.

"I don't believe he's deaf and dumb," said one. "Just watch me crawl up behind him and give him a punch under the ear," and the speaker drew up quietly behind Godfrey and drew back to strike a terrible blow. Although momentarily expecting to be felled like an ox, Godfrey never moved a muscle. The arm of the striker dropped as he said, "Boys, it's a genuine case; the fellow's a mute."

For his extraordinary nerve Godfrey collected seven quarter-dollar pieces from the crowd, including the bar-keeper.

His fondness for liquor always causes his detection in the end, for when half drunk he loses his head and becomes quarrelsome. Godfrey fluctuates between this city and Richmond, Va., where he is now. He is a carpenter by trade and an excellent mechanic, but prefers to live by impersonating a mute.—*Washington D. C. Times.*

Admitted to the Barrister Association Newburgh.

Graham Witcheit, who recently located in this city, and for a week past has had his shingle displayed at the Townsend building, was Friday morning regularly and duly admitted as a member of the Barrister's association of Newburgh. The formal notice was issued to Mr. Witcheit by president George R. Brewster, and the candidate was presented by Justice-elect William Wygant, who for a long time filled the office of secretary. Mr. Witcheit was welcomed to the fraternity, and later passed a half hour socially with those whom he may hereafter consider his friends and collaborators.—*Newburgh Register.*

ST. LOUIS.

Christmas Revelry at the Club.

"THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET."

Holiday Jottings.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

There was old-fashioned Christmas mas revelry at the club on the evening of the 24th, and that all had a merry time goes without saying. It was the third annual, the club room being wide open to members and outsiders, with the aim to let every body enjoy the opportunities of the occasion.

A large attendance was present. The tree was ablaze with all its glory, and several children cried when the diminutive, Santa Claus crept into the room noiselessly, and for a few minutes his snow-bearded face was a terror to the little creatures. But he made friends of them by presents of candy, toys, oranges and nuts. Old Nick, too, made a short speech of his high regard for the good ladies and gentlemen by giving them bags of the above contents, except toys. There was a noticeable falling off in the number of presents left by the friends of others as compared with last year, and truly no one of the eight or thereabouts who did not get a token, ever lost their heart on that festive evening.

Married people exchanged gifts of some value; sweethearts were profuse in giving each other boxes of candy with words of love written on; nearly each lady got a bottle of face powder and a mounted picture from Charles Wolff, the genial druggist; Mr. Merrell was surprised with 4 spoons 15 inches long for his boys; Marcus Kerr a jumping skeleton; the writer was imposed upon with a soulless doll, Sam Perlmutter's eyes nearly fell out in receiving a genuine stuffed frog; and others with useful and useless, yet funny presents.

Charles Crusius was the Santa Claus, and did his part well. The committee put their soul and body into the occasion, and well deserve the success of it. Nothing was charged, the club footed the long bill. The good old man had greetings with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Guss, Mr. and Mrs. A. Merrell, Mr. and Mrs. L. Froning, Mr. and Mrs. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. T. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. Campbell, Mr. E. Harden and children, Mrs. H. L. Johnson, Mrs. Eubanks, Mrs. Lydia and Miss Jessie Swiler, Misses Dora and Minnie Henning, Gavin, Mitchell, Klug, Kauffman, Day, Dillon, Ehlers, Pearce, Miller, and Messrs. Wolff, Cheney, Jones, Castell, Perlmutter, Berwin, Ofenstein, Hughes, Tasche, Theurer, Krienbaum, England, Chenot, Mueller, Garth, Schaub, Bowe, J. O'Brien, Hufnagel, a lot of children and hearing people.

Rev. Frank Read delivered an interesting discourse on "The Matrimonial Market," at the club Saturday, the 19th. He handled it in his accustomed humorous vein, quoted the various phases of conjugal bliss, gave statistics of some instances for the past ten years in which women have superseded men in daily pursuits of life, and hinted to the ladies his approval of wedlock. He remarked that the old maid of to-day does not suffer as much torture as her sister was subjected to forty years ago. He also gave a few witty prescriptions on how to get married. Chairman Kerr announced that Read will tell something about the rebellion in the land of Weyler, the next time he crosses the bridge.

The writer is in receipt of a letter from W. D. Sheriff, in which he said that he has been granted an absolute divorce from his wife, nee Wolfert, of St. Louis. She made a noble fight for alimony and the custody of the children, but was defeated. He did not say where she is living now, but she must still be in Texas. Mr. Sheriff is in business with his father, at 519 Oklahoma Ave., Guthrie, Ok.

John E. Campbell is hunting in Bowling Green, Mo., as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Barney Fischer. George Bajon is spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh P. Lamb, at Fulton, Mo.

Harry Berwin cancelled his proposed trip to Evansville, Ind., Friday, and in the evening, invited Peter Hughes, E. Ofenstein and "Phil Dean" over to his lady, Miss Dora Henning's house, where a feast of oysters, candy and cigars was enjoyed.

It is said that Tenney Martin, the darkey, has gone to Boston to accept a position as porter with a friend of his.

The Public Opinion class, led by Rev. J. H. Cloud, discussed last Friday the proposal of a new calendar in 1900; the Status of affairs in Cuba and the effect of the

death of Maceo; the treaty for arbitration of differences between the United States and Great Britain; the good example of saloon restriction in Minneapolis; power by Niagara Falls, and several humorous sayings.

John A. Luke has been heard from in Salem, Oregon. He says that Miss Ruby McIntrose, formerly of St. Louis, resides there.

James Casteel, of Cartersville, Ill., is spending the holidays here. During the summer he plays ball off and on in neighboring towns, and drives the mule in a coal mine the other season.

The well-wishers of Oscar H. Regensburg in this city, hope that the efforts of his friends to land him in the public eye as a Trustee of the Illinois School, will be crowned with success.

Christ's Church for the Deaf will convene for their regular annual meeting at the Second Presbyterian Church, January 3d, 1897.

Willie Linden, a deaf-mute of eighteen, was run over by a milk-wagon on Collins St., last Friday, and so badly injured as to necessitate the amputation of his right leg at the knee. The police are looking for the wagon. Linden was a pupil at the Day School.

There was an unusually large attendance at the Christmas service of St. Thomas' Mission.

A happy New Year to all, from PHIL DEAN.

Felled by a Black Jack.

Mrs. Mary Fernandez, a gray haired widow, fifty-three years old, while trying to have her deaf-mute son, Francis, from the blows of a ruffian late on Saturday night, was struck on the head by a blackjack and her skull was fractured.

George Fernandez, another son, also felled by a blow from the same weapon while trying to protect his brother. Richard Hines, alias Harrington, who committed the assaults, was captured yesterday morning. He was held in \$2,000.

Mrs. Fernandez, with her two sons, lives at No. 91 Monroe Street, New York City, where she has a little shop. "Titz," or Francis Fernandez, known also in the locality as "Dummy," is twenty-three years old. He is a big fellow, strong as an ox. His brother George is twenty-six years old. The police of the Madison street station say that the two men are always in trouble and have caused their mother much sorrow.

Hines is a muscular fellow, who has a "bunk" and a "locker" at the Newsboy's Lodging House, No. 283 Henry Street. He is known as a rather dangerous person, and frequents a saloon at No. 85 Monroe Street. He was there Saturday night, teasing "Titz" Fernandez until the man grew ill tempered and dragged his tormentor up the street. There Hines threw snow into Francis' face until the deaf-mute knocked him down.

"I'll pay you for that," shouted Hines, infuriated as he sprang to his feet. He was attacked the deaf-mute, who stumbled backward against the curbstone and fell. Hines kicked him in the face.

"I won't have that," shouted George Fernandez, who was standing on the sidewalk. The other spectators were afraid to interfere.

"I'll do you too," said Hines. He drew a black jack from his pocket and struck George in the forehead, stretching him on the ground.

Mrs. Fernandez was, in the meantime, in her little back room. Two women ran in and told her that Francis was being killed. Despite his failings the unfortunate "Dummy" is the old mother's favorite. She ran out into the street immediately.

"Titz" had scrambled to his feet and was again attacking Hines with all his brute strength. The old woman ran out into the snow between the two. Hines had pocketed his blackjack, but he stood back, drew it forth and dealt the old woman a frightful blow on the right temple. She dropped like a stone.

Hines fled up Pike and into Madison Street, followed by infuriated witnesses, who threatened to kill him. He ran into a dark hallway and escaped, his pursuers being afraid to follow.

Mrs. Fernandez was taken to the Gouverneur Hospital, where the doctors said she had a fractured skull and was in a very dangerous condition. George was led to the hospital and had four stitches put in the gash on his forehead.

When Mrs. Fernandez recovered consciousness she insisted on being removed to her home, despite the protests of the doctors, so she was taken there in an ambulance. Her daughter, Mrs. Michael Howard, was sent for.

Detectives were out after Hines all Saturday night and Sunday morning. It was known where he lived, and a watch was kept on the place.

Hines went stealing toward the place at seven o'clock yesterday morning in order to get a change of clothes from his locker. He was arrested by Detective John F. Lyons, who found the blackjack in his pocket.

FANWOOD.

How the Holidays Were Passed.

OUR BOYS WIN AT BASKET BALL.

A Budget of Items Left Over from Last Week.

From our Fanwood Correspondent

Anent the close of another year, let us hope that upon entering the new, we will find that a resolution has been made by our pupils; that they will endeavor to make the coming year better than the past. That they will strive to improve their time and learn more. If they will only do so. How much they will do towards lessening the burden of their instructors and guardians. At the same time make their lives happier and more contented.

We could give them an illustration, that would point the way to them, but space forbids. We cannot, however, pass by this without quoting one of Longfellow's beautiful poems.

Look not thou mournfully upon the past,
Wisely improve the present, it's thine.
Go forth to meet the shadowy future,
Without fear, and with manly and womanly hearts.

Whither they have gone; —

Miss M. L. Barrager, Hancock, Delaware, Co., N. Y.

Misses Bessie Nixon, and Harriett Hall, Providence, R. I.

Miss M. E. Berry, Buffalo, N. Y.

Misses E. R. Caparn and M. E. Unkart, New Jersey.

Miss S. B. Haumer and Mr R. D. Hoyt, Bennington, and Burlington, Vermont, respectively.

Mr. W. B. Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.

Miss Fayetta Peck, Edgeton, Mass.

Miss H. B. Andrews, Hartford, Conn.,

Miss Eva Buckingham, Clinton, Conn.

Miss Prudence Burchard, Oxford, N. Y.

Prof. Fox and Jones, at home here.

Those remaining here are Misses Meigs, Montgomery, Clark and Smith.

Tutor C. W. Van Tassel, Jr., spent Christmas under his paternal roof at Tarrytown.

Miss Ross, one of the girls tutors, spent Christmas at her home in Essex, N. Y.

Since the exodus of most of the instructors and pupils for their homes, to spend the Christmas holidays, the halls of the institution present a decidedly deserted appearance. Except for the few remaining pupils, who are obliged to remain on account of the great distance they would have to traverse, one would think vacation was at hand again.

While the instructors and pupils are absent, the administrative department, under the generalship of acting-superintendent Steward Wilcox, who is performing that office during Principal Currier's absence, the buildings are being overhauled, and prepared for the new year.

There are now just thirty boys and girls remaining here, a thing seldom known, as the quota of boys generally outnumbers that of the girls.

Christmas passed off pleasantly here. The boys amused themselves in various ways, such as coasting, games of chess, checkers and dominoes. On account of the inclement weather, the girls remained indoors and amused themselves in various ways.

Dinner was served at one o'clock and was heartily enjoyed by all. At its conclusion candies, oranges and apples, were distributed.

In the afternoon, Prof. Jones entertained the pupils in the girls' sitting room, with a story of the origin of Christmas, its meaning and usefulness, concluding with a very interesting illustration appropriate to the occasion.

That the rigors of our northern climate has no terrors for our Principal and his wife, can be attested to, in the fact they spent Christmas in Essex, N. Y.

Matron Wilcox was the recipient of a beautiful lady's hunting-case gold watch, encrusted with a small diamond, at the hands of her two sons, Curtis and Roe, on Christmas day.

Miss Schenck, of the Cleveland Day School for Deaf-Mutes, was the guest of her friend, Miss Clark, on Christmas day.

Miss May Martin, of Gallaudet College, called to see her former teacher, Miss Montgomery, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Bessie Peet, daughter of our honored Emeritus Principal, Dr. L. L. Peet, was a caller on Thursday last.

Mr. W. Ogle, of Newburgh, N. Y., accompanied by his brother-in-law and Phil. Blake, dropped in to see the former's sister on Christmas.

Mr. Charles Vetterlin, a former pupil was a Sunday visitor.

The Fanwood Basket Ball team played a game with the Washington Heights Y. M. C. A. team, Wednesday evening last, and won by a score of 16 to 5.

During the past few days, the boys have availed themselves of the cold weather, in flooding their improvised skating rink, water is drawn from one of the fire hydrants with the hose belonging to the steam fire engine. At present the rink is not completed, on account of a defect in the construction of the bank, which allows water to run off, and consequently makes them decidedly morose. They hope to have it all right before the boys who are absent return, so that their anticipations for skating will not be disappointed.

Mysterious packages and boxes, have been coming here through the post office department the past week. The mail carrier has had extra work on his hands; one day two big boxes and many small ones, came, necessitating the assistance of another boy. Of course it was easy to guess who the recipients were, from the glow and smiles on their faces Christmas morning.

The street in front of the trades school building, which has been in a wretched condition, is at last receiving its much needed attention by the city.

The older girls, under the charge of Misses Divine and Kramer, were permitted to enjoy coasting on the hill opposite the school building on Monday.

Dont forget to write "1897." A Happy New Year to you all.

W. G. SHANKS.

The following was crowded out last week:—

A debate was held at the meeting of the F. L. A. last Saturday, President Hoyt presiding. The Question was, "Should the United States interfere in the struggle between Spain and Cuba?" The Affirmative side was upheld by Messrs. Beck and Konkell, the negative side by Messrs. Keiser and Bachman. The judges were Misses McPhail and Spahn, and Mr. Kiernan. It ended in a victory for the negative side. Mr. Elfein then gave a brief resume of the happenings of the past week. The meeting wound up with a general summing up by Tutor Shanks. He gave the pupils a very clear idea of what a war would mean, and showed why the U. S. should not interfere with Spain and Cuba. But we confess our sympathies are wholly with the Cuban cause. Previous to the opening of the debate, little Jacob Amnuth, one of the little boys, stood up and said: "In behalf of the boys, I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

The meeting adjourned about nine o'clock.

A few days ago, just as cold weather set in, Louis Cohen brought himself of the game of "hockey." He straightway went to work to manufacture a hockey stick. After considerable trouble he found one that suited his purpose. For the curved end he made it out of the frame of a chair. He employed all his spare time in finishing it. While driving a screw in it, it split. He then procured some wire, and wound it about the split part; it took nearly two hours. In the evening when it was finished he showed it to some of the boys and in giving an illustration of how it is used, it broke, and all his labor had gone for nothing. Was he mad? The first correct answer to this question will receive one cent.

The boys have been having impromptu debates during the leisure time between supper and study. One of the questions debated a few days ago was: "Resolved, That the Germans are more progressive than the Hebrews." Affirmative, Marks, L. Cohen; Negative, McVea, Moeslein; Judges—Messrs. Keiser, Bachman, and Kiernan; Critic Herman Landre.

It was a very exciting one and ended with a victory for the descendants of Abraham. Not discouraged, McVea offered to debate on the same question again some other day, and the supporters of Abraham assented to this. Herman Beck is President pro tem. John Keiser, Secretary.

The skating rink has proved too leaky. Several attempts to flood it have failed, owing to the improper way it was made. The boys are not discouraged, and hope to get it in good shape during the Christmas holidays.

The cold weather has given indications of a good skating season. Ice skates have been taken out, and ground ready for the first opening day of the skating season.

A great many of the pupils have been visiting the Siegel Cooper department store. The crowd there is simply enormous, but one is well repaid for the trouble it takes to get in.

J. H. K.

Notice.

Religious services will be held in St. John's chapel, Greene and Clermont Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, January 24, 1897, at 5 P.M., by Rev. Jos. H. Rockwell, S. J.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL—\$1 a year.

How Pantomime is Taught.

According to the French school of dramatic art, pantomime is the basis of all stage effort. It is the fundamental principle of the education of the artist in portraying nature. Hence it is that all the great actors and actresses of the French stage who have come over to this country have made use of this skill in making the face and hands tell what is meant without words. The men and women who practice the dramatic art in Paris never get above pantomime, but in America, for some reason unexplained, this necessary branch of the business has always been considered suitable only for children. Christmas plays for the little ones in pantomime, after the English custom, were fashionable for a time, but even these fell into disuse and lost patronage as soon as the fad wore itself out. The American on the stage and off seems to think that he can tell his story better with blunt words than by any gestures.

Not so with the Gaul. One can see that he uses gestures instead of words in the ordinary conversation of everyday life. The significant shrug of the shoulders and spreading of the hands mean something to him. His fellow Gaul understands, but the American only doubles a huge fist and wants to mix war medicine because he does not understand. On the stage this custom is carried to the extreme. Even the divine Sarah, the great Bernhardt, commenced her stage career as a Pierrot, a pantomime boy. None of her predecessors or successors has succeeded on the stage of France without this schooling. Pantomime tells the whole story or is a very useful adjunct. The teaching of this branch of the art is in itself no inconsiderable part of the duty of the teacher, and to see a fair exponent of the art in its completeness is a rare treat in practical America.

This was possible last week. A young woman produced a piece of pantomime on the stage of a west side theater which was as complete an exposition of the possibilities of the pantomime as could be given in, say ten or fifteen minutes. She was Mlle. Pilar-Morin, the woman whose production of "Orange Blossoms" was the cause of so much discussion in New York. She is Spanish by birth, and although educated in France, has been unable to disguise the fact that she is from south of the Pyrenees. Her gesturing is modeled on the French school, but there is also an originality in motion which comes only to the Castilian.

She is a native of Barcelona, speaks Spanish, French and English. Her English has not the faintest trace of French idiom, her speech being distinctly blended with the language of her nativity. Yet as a pantomime artiste she is a marvel.

She learned her art in Paris, and all her life has been engaged in dramatic work. While she has hitherto devoted herself to pantomime in this country, as she says herself, she has been learning the language in order to play speaking parts.

Mlle. Pilar-Morin put in several weeks teaching pantomime to a young American woman, whom she employed to assist her in the production of a pantomime sketch. She was very much pleased to find some one in this country who could learn the business. This woman has been in the dramatic business for several years, but, according to the Spaniard, she learned her business in inverse order. She began with speaking parts before she discovered that meaning could be conveyed by gesture as faithfully and sometimes more truthfully.

It took three weeks of hard work and constant rehearsal to perfect this young American in a part, a minor one at that, in a sketch which occupies the stage not to exceed twenty minutes. Mlle. Pilar-Morin talked freely concerning her art. She has learned the English language in less than three years well enough to express everything she desires, and has commenced her career as an actress on the English-speaking stage. She will henceforth appear in speaking parts and still make use of her skill in gesturing to aid the spoken words.

"I found when I came to this country," she said, "that you Americans knew nothing of pantomime. Why, over in France that is the first thing that is taught. It is as much a part of the business as the matter of costuming. There the actress who hopes to make a hit must be able in her beginning to tell the whole story of the play without one word, simply by gesture and pose, before she is permitted to speak a line. When she can do this she takes speaking parts, but uses her skill in pantomime to increase the truthfulness of her performances. Bernhardt was a Pierrot, or moon boy, long before she ever attempted to do anything more ambitious. If she were not skilled in gesture and pose she would not be able to tell a story to those of countries where her language is not spoken. Yet she does this. You Americans rave over her performances, when the fact is that not one in 100 understands what she says. Her acting, her gestures and poses tell the story

without the language. Of course, she speaks, but if the language is not known what does it convey to the mind? Nothing. Her acting, therefore, and not her words, tells you what she is doing and the whole story is made clear by this means.

THE FIRST LESSON.

"One of the first things I teach when schooling an artist for the line, is that she has two hands and two feet and that she should be able to use both. Now, it may sound queer, but it is a fact, that most persons have no control of the left hand or foot. Why? Oh, I suppose because in ordinary life one is enough. All the gestures and motions are made with one side. That is, a person will become accustomed to using one hand for nearly everything, subordinating the other to it. That is usually the right hand. Then, when I tell the scholar to make a gesture with the left hand she always says at first that she cannot, and asks me to change the 'business' so that she can use the other. I won't do this, for if she is to succeed she must have complete control of both.

In pantomime the first work is to teach the student that gestures must be made in circles. That is the Pierrot. He is a moon boy and everything is round to him. When the student can make graceful circles with both hands and feet and blend the whole body with them, then she is ready to go on to the more intricate work.

"It would astonish you to know how awkward a person can be by nature and how this may be despised. It would astonish you to see a successful actress off of the stage and see how nature has slighted her. She may have broad, coarse hands, but if she is an artist she never lets her audience see this. Her gesturing disguises the defects. We learn to bend each of our fingers so that only the beautiful lines in the hand are shown. The palm should never be shown to the audience, for it is the least attractive portion of the hand. The gesture which calls for the display of the palm should be so turned that when it ends the back and only a portion of that is shown, while all five of the fingers are visible. This is art and it is easy when learned, but quite difficult to one not schooled.

WHOLE BODY RESPONSIVE.

"In pantomime, which, by the way in France is the highest art, the whole body is made responsive to the slightest thought. The tale is told by the motions of the body, the motions of the hand and the expression of the face. The motions are soon acquired, but it takes a deal of hard work to school the features to express the unfamiliar sentiments. When it comes to mirth anybody can express that, but when it comes to the portrayal of grief, anger, jealousy, etc., then it takes an artist to tell the audience just what is meant. If the actress cannot do this what is the value of spoken lines? They tell the story, but if a jealous woman confides woes to the audience with a smiling countenance or stolid face, does the speech help? Not a bit. It makes the whole thing ridiculous.

"When one has mastered the art of making hands feet and body tell what is meant, as far as these can do so, then the real work of the pantomimist begins. Of course, I would not think of teaching facial expression to a person who did not know what her hands are for. No matter if she has the most mobile and expressive features in the world, if she stumbles over her own foot or blunders in the awkward style of the girl who has just discovered that she is a woman and consequently does not know why she is on earth she cannot be trusted to portray feeling by her face.

She must find out that she is a composite being and that every portion of her body is responsive to some other portion, and that the entirety can be made to do whatever the mind demands.

ALWAYS READ THE LINES.

"Do we read the lines of a play put on in pantomime? Yes. In every case we must learn the story from the spoken lines and we must be letter perfect, too, for everything is told to the strains of topical music, and each performer must occupy only his or her music. You see, if there is a break in the lines, due to bad memory, there is no ready speech improvised to cover the defect. The whole story may be spoiled by one person's lack of memory or inattention to study. We say the lines in our minds and act them, but never emit a word. This is more difficult than it appears. One cannot judge of the difficulty of repeating lines in the mind, giving them appropriate action and still controlling the voice and lips so that neither may give it away. This takes great fortitude and skill, I assure you.

"While it is true that you Americans do not reach pantomime as a fundamental portion of the dramatic art, it is true that your artists are giving more and more attention to business where nothing is said. For instance it is quite frequent in the modern plays to

have the hero or heroine go through five or ten minutes of business in one or more acts of the play without saying a word. The acting is the thing. The story is continued without language. The pose, facial expression, gesture, setting, etc., telling what is told in silence. You are advancing in this regard quite rapidly, but I still think you would proceed more rapidly if the schools of dramatic art should commence the students' education with pantomime.

"Pantomime in itself would not pay here at present, for the people are not educated to that style of play. But it would become more popular and in the end be a distinct part of the business, if the young players were first taught the value of telling a story without words. I am playing a sketch here now where there are no words and it has been very successful. The people seem to enjoy this kind of thing and I see no reason why more ambitious performances might not be winners.

APPEARS IN A SKETCH.

Mlle. Pilar-Morin was called away at this juncture to appear in "Mercedes of Seville," the sketch she was dressed in the typical Spanish garb, with mantilla about her head. She smoked a cigarette as she walked on the stage and her every motion was a certificate of her nativity. Not a word was spoken, but the story of the foredoomed and his sweetheart, the fortune teller foretelling his death in the arena, her grief at this intelligence and effort to dissuade him from appearing, were all told truthfully and with a vividness of expression which was astonishing. When he came forth wounded to death and fell at her feet, she uttered the only sound in the twenty minutes of play. She uttered a scream which was horrifying in the intensity of grief expressed. It was a marvelous expression, one not soon to be forgotten.

Mlle. Pilar-Morin also appeared in the play which was put on during the week, and spoke English lines for the first time in her life. Her forte is not altogether in pantomime, for she possesses considerable skill in portraying nature as the Americans are accustomed to see it. It is her purpose to enter on a life on the stage in this country, in dramas in the language of the country. She is quite small, but her powers of expression and great grace and tact in trying situations dissipate all evidences of lack of stature. She speaks with very little accent and handles the lines intelligently. The story was one with which she was familiar in the original French and possibly this aided her in the interpretation. — *Chicago Chronicle*, Dec. 13.

Three Dollars for the Gallaudet Home!

A very excellent and interesting reading (and a small attendance) was held at the Guild room on East 89th Street, on Tuesday night, Dec. 15th. The reader was Mr. T. Godfrey, of Brooklyn, who rendered in sign-language "The Fatal Card." During his delivery his signs were clear and dramatic at times. He kept those present interested for two hours. He is well known as a graceful and clear sign maker. The lecture was for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home. There were only twenty persons who attended the lecture. The locality in which the Guild room is established, is convenient to all deaf, and about over 1000 lives live within or near the neighborhood of the Guild room. They do not seem to evince their interest in the Gallaudet Home, and are indifferent to the committee's appeal. Notices from the pulpit and from the JOURNAL have frequently been made, but have no impressive effect on the deaf, as was shown by the small attendance at Mr. Godfrey's lecture. Are they growing more selfish and indifferent? It looks so. Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet has been and is working hard for the deaf's needs and comfort, but the deaf have not shown any appreciation to the Pastor.

The Home needs your support and is established exclusively for the worthy deaf. The deaf ought to contribute a small sum of money for the Home every year. Miss Gussie Berley has prepared a course of lectures for the benefit of the Home. Prof. Fox will lecture on January 12th; Mr. W. G. Jones will be bulletined to lecture in February. It remains to be seen whether the deaf will give Prof. Fox a "full house."

A SPECTATOR.

THE SILENT SERVICE.

In Christ Church last evening was rendered a most interesting service, one which was quite as full of meaning to the deaf and the mute as those who are blessed with both faculties. Occupying the two front seats there were thirteen who are deprived of the gifts of speech and hearing, all of whom were deeply absorbed in the church's service sung by the rector and interpreted by the general missionary, the Rev. Austin W. Mann. The sermon referred to the origin and gestures of the sign language, together

with an account of the church's missionary work among this afflicted class of our population. The deaf-mutes thoroughly appreciated the great privilege extended to them by the church, in her making intelligent to them her beautiful, ancient and truly honored service. — *Greensbury Tribune*.

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The man who wears a hair shirt hates those who dress comfortably.

The inventor of pins did more for the world than the builder of the pyramids.

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